

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

A Weekly Record of

SCIENCE, CRITICISM, LITERATURE, AND INTELLIGENCE,

CONNECTED WITH THE ART.

No. XXXVIII.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, AT NOON.
PRICE THREEPENCE;—STAMPED, FOURPENCE.

Vol. XVII.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1842.

THE great interest and extent of our festival and other local intelligence this week, will, it is hoped, account for the withdrawal of our usual preliminary address; and more than compensate the reader for the postponement of matters of a less momentary character. C.

NORWICH FESTIVAL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

TUESDAY NIGHT, Sept. 13.—After a five hours' rehearsal, with all its concomitants of loitering, goings back, repetition, and mutual dissatisfaction—for who was ever satisfied with a festival rehearsal?—after retreating to a dinner, half cooled by procrastination, and gobbling it up half enjoyed, to make good for lost time—the only loss that never can be recovered—after making a toilette with the speed of a Mathews in one of his Protean entertainments, and consoling oneself that there were a few minutes left for rumination, and the gleanings up of one's scattered senses—lo! the evening prayer-bell of St. Peters began to tinkle and the temporary repose was at an end. Contrary to expectation, there was very little bustle at the door of St. Andrew's Hall, and in the narrow grubby avenues conducting to it; however, the drawing up of a substantial country carriage now and then, and the light trip of an occasional shawl-shrouded group of pedestrian belles, flitting through the last rays of twilight, unwilling to be gazed at by their curious and quizzical neighbours, denoted that the still-life of the old city was in a course of transmutation to the mobility of a *Tableau Vivant*.

The hall looked gloriously in its galaxy of gas, the said gas having been expressly laid on and abundantly supplied for the occasion; and the fitting-up of the galleries and orchestre gave an air of taste and snugness to the place, which their worships the Black Friars, the former lords of the building, poor unluxurious innocents, could never have dreamed of. There was a very long subsilent three-quarters of an hour,

with the *sotto voce* accompaniment of creaking dress boots and rustling satin flounces, interrupted only by the bustle of busy Goodwin and his satellites in the arrangement of quires of music upon the desks—and softly, and one by one dropt in the population of the orchestre, like visions to the fancy of the impatient spectator of past and future pleasantries—there was happy-faced Lindley, looking as well as ever with the white laurels of a hundred triumphs on his brow; though there was a sort of restless widowhood in the taking of his seat, and his snuff-box evidently sighed for the accustomed visitation of the absent Dragonetti's finger and thumb—there was Cramer in his pride of place, like an evergreen fresh from a snow-storm—there were Oury and Willy at his elbow, staunch buttresses of the ancient tower—there was G. Cooke with his big-boy giggle, seriously resolved to make every body laugh, with him or at him—there was Puzzi, with his burnished horn, wondering how it came into the ranks—there was Harper with his "celestial trumpet," in his usual altitude—there was Turl in his world of double diapasons below—there was Chipp with his "great globe itself," split into hemispheres—and there was Professor Taylor, the Atlas of the world, sinewy, stern, and "big with the fate of Babylon and Spohr."

Fiddles and expectation were now screwed up to concert pitch—and in the momentary pause after the first rattat of the professor's baton one instinctively looked round from the visionary, to the real scene, and became unwillingly conscious of the scanty attendance, and satisfied that the chilliness of one's pedal extremities arose not entirely from peptic causes. A broken string prolongs the pause,—during which, if you please, we will discuss the

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

SINFONIA PASTORALE—Beethoven.

"God save the Queen."

RECIT. and AIR.—Mr. Phillips—"Angel of life"—Dr. Callcott.

RECIT. and ARIA.—Signora Pacini—"Se m' abbandoni."—Mercadante.

QUINTET.—Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Bassano, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Balfe—"Sento, O Dio."—Mozart.

RECIT. ed ARIA.—Signor Rubini—"Tu vedrai."—Bellini.

CONCERTO VIOLONCELLO.—Mr. Lindley—Lindley.

RECIT. ed ARIA.—Mr. Balfe—"Vi ravviso."—Bellini.

ARIA.—Madame Caradori Allan—"Voi che sapete."—Mozart.

DUET.—Signora Pacini e Signor Rubini—"Mira la bianca Luna."—Rossini.

SEPTET.—Miss Rainforth, Miss Bassano, Mr. Young, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Walton, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Bradbury, and CHORUS—(The Pirates)—Storace.

PART II.

OVERTURE—"Anacreon"—Cherubini.

SONG.—Miss Rainforth—"Rose softly blooming"—Spohr.

PREGHIERA.—Signor Rubini—"Fra nemi crudeli"—Mercadante.

DUET.—Madame Caradori Allan and Miss M. B. Hawes—"Ti veggo, t'abbraccio."—Winter.

SONG.—Mr. Hobbs—"God bless thee, Queen of England."—Hobbs.

SESTET e CORO.—Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Rainforth, Miss Bassano, Miss M. B. Hawes, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Phillips—"Tu è ver."—Mozart.

SONG.—Miss M. B. Hawes—"Thou art lovelier."—M. B. Hawes.

DUET.—Signor Rubini and Mr. Balfe—"Se inclinassi prender moglie."—Rossini.

FINALE.—Madame Caradori Allan—con Coro, "Non più mesta."—Rossini.

What a world of sound and imagination! people talk of the wonderful Versailles Gallery, which is said to contain the whole history of France—here is a gallery and library in one—the Pastoral Symphony is a cabinet of pictures and histories and poesy, and philosophies, and magic; and magically was it revealed and promulgated on this occasion. With one small defect, in the rather lagging time of each of the movements, this was a most masterly performance on all hands, Puzzi's honeyed horn-playing having imparted a very superior effect to the well-known passages for the instrument. At the conclusion of the symphony every body rose, and the National Anthem was delivered in a style of grandeur and fervour, that might well ensure the blessings invoked. Mr. Phillips sang in his usual correct and forceful manner, the clever song of Dr. Callcott. Pacini was in good voice, and her song told well. The vocal gem of the evening, the charming quintet from *Così fan tutte*, was exquisitely sung, and seemed to fascinate every hearer. Rubini's aria was, of

course, encored, as it really deserved to be. Lindley's performance was pleasant to hear, but nothing to remember. Balfe sung the *Sonnambula* song much better than I ever heard him. Madame Caradori was sweet as melon juice, and almost as unracy. The duet was clever and pretty; Balfe accompanied it, as he did many other pieces, though Mr. Turle was set down as officiator at the pianoforte—why, we were not told. The finale was very well given, and is a pleasing composition in the early Mozart style, of which Storace might well have been proud.

The Anacreon was admirably played, especially by the junior violinists, who fairly roused their seniors by their vigour and enthusiasm, and evoked the heart-applause of the audience. Miss Rainforth charmed her new friends at Norwich, as she has often her old ones at home. The *Pregliera* was another Rubinian triumph, and another encore. The Winter duet was somewhat cool—and the succeeding piece might be termed a sloppy cold thaw—happily the *Clemenza* sestet brought genial summer, and awakened rosy smiles. Miss Hawes always gets an encore, and the good folks of Norwich are aware of the fact. We all now began to get a little weary, and the duet, though admirably rendered, was but tamely received—still more so the *Cenerentola* finale, which was very injudiciously placed, and could well have been spared. The concert was, on the whole, a very delightful one, and wanted but a more plentiful audience to applaud and enjoy it. The numbers present were six hundred and ninety-five.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, Sept. 14.—The hall wore a far gayer aspect than yesterday, and looked as the garden does on a tardy spring morning, when the flowers will come out in spite of impediments, and appear all the brighter and more welcome for their own wilfulness and the innate joy-seeking impulses that prompt and inspire them. One surpassing gratification always awaits the mere sightseer at a provincial festival—every body comes there to be pleased—there is very little of the lackadaisical indifference to be met with in London concert-rooms, and still less of that business air which fashionists and your regular concert-goers put on, as they hastily enter in the middle of the first act, and impatiently bustle out in the middle of the second—every body comes to be pleased, if not entirely with the music, at least with the see-and-be-seen spectacle, which rarely occurring in such places, is the more attractive and exhilarating; consequently, every countenance looks smiling and interested, and the general enjoyment is rarely interrupted by individual restlessness or discontent.

But see—the professor enters—the tuning-up grows more vigorous—and hark! the signal baton—hush all—our programme is as follows:—

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

CORONATION ANTHEM—"My heart is inditing"—Handel—The solos by Miss Rainforth, Miss Bassano, Miss Maria B. Hawes, Mr. Young, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Walton, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Bradbury.

SONG—Mr. Young—"In youth's early morning"—Mehul.

ARIA—Miss Maria B. Hawes—"Amplius lava me"—Ciampi.

ANTHEM—"O give thanks"—The verses by Miss Bassano, Mr. Young, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Bradbury—Purcell.

ARIA—Signor Rubini, "Cujus animam"—Rossini.

DUETTO—Madame Caradori Allan and Signora Pacini—"Quis est homo"—Rossini.

SOLO—Miss Maria B. Hawes—"O Lord in thee," and Chorus. (Dettingen "Te Deum")—Handel.

PARTS II. & III.

HAYDN'S SACRED ORATORIO—"Creation."

The anthem is that composed for the coronation of George II., and is comparatively but little known—it has, by no means, an equally imposing grandeur with "Zadoc the Priest," but the hand and mind of Handel are obvious throughout, and though he might have, perhaps, done it better, scarcely any other could have done it so well—it was sung and accompanied with marvellous perfection and spirit; the chorusses, in particular, being delivered as by one voice, and what is better, with one soul and feeling—the Norwich chorals bore high testimony to the skill and perseverance of their zealous master, Mr. Hill. The song from *Joseph* formed an admirable contrast in its dulcet quietude to the gorgeousness of Handel, and was sweetly sung by Mr. Young, whose voice is the only male contralto to me endurable. Miss Hawes' song is a clever composition of Francisco Ciampi, a Neapolitan of the early part of the last century, and admirably displayed the voice and style of the singer—it was deservedly applauded. Purcell's Anthem was capably given; the chorus again showed its power and schooling, every point was taken up with precision, and the finale, "Let all the people say, Amen," produced an effect bordering closely upon the sublime. The two pieces from the *Stabat Mater* went off as usual—the *Cujus*, encored—though I thought them sadly out of place in the midst of a selection of so different and (may I say) so better and more appropriate a character. The "Te Deum" wound up the first, and what might be called the devotional part of the morning's performance, in a very satisfactory and triumphant manner. Every one has heard Caradori, Hobbs, and Phillips, in the *Creation*; and it would be but a repetition of stale praise to notice their exertions this day, further than to say that they fully sustained their

former fame, though Madame was evidently indisposed. The Adam and Eve of Mr. Balfe and Miss Rainforth were novelties, and, to my thinking, gave an interest and vital colour and contrast to the portion of the music allotted to them which materially enhanced the success of the oratorio. Miss Rainforth's "Ye purling fountains," was a perfectly Eden hymn—Balfe's "Of stars the fairest," was the best specimen of orchestral singing I ever heard from him—the recitatives were admirably given by both, and "Graceful Consort," was a mutual victory. The chorus exhibited their superb qualities with undiminished power and artistic expression, through their very difficult and lengthy duty.

There were eleven hundred and seven persons in the Hall this morning.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.—The course of festivals did never yet run smooth—a considerable gloom was cast upon the faces of the assembling auditory by the announcement that Madame Caradori was too unwell to sing this evening—there is, however, no cause for serious alarm; Madame C. is an experienced campaigner, and prudently husband her strength for to-morrow's fearful battle. The following is our programme.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

SINFONIA, No. 5, in C minor—Haydn.

RECIT. ED ARIA—Miss Rainforth—"Per pietà"—Mozart.

TERZETTO—Signora Pacini, Signor Rubini, and Mr. Balfe—"Ambo morrete"—Donizetti.

FANTASIA CORNO—Signor Puzzi—Puzzi.

SONG—Mr. Phillips—"Ye twice ten hundred deities"—Purcell.

QUARTETTO E CORO.—Miss Rainforth, Signora Pacini, Signor Rubini, and Mr. Balfe—"Dal tuo stellato soglio"—Rossini.

ARIA—Signora Pacini—"La speranza"—Balfe.

SCENA—Signor Rubini—"Il soave e bel contento"—Pacini.

DUETTO—Miss Rainforth and Mr. Balfe—"Per piacere"—Rossini.

ARIA—Miss Maria B. Hawes—"Io ti lascio"—Mozart.

GLEE—Mr. Young, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Walton, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Bradbury, and Chorus—"Shades of the Heroes"—T. Cooke.

PART II.

OVERTURE—"Jessonda"—Spohr.

RECIT. ED ARIA—Signor Rubini—"Vivi tu"—Donizetti.

SESTETTO—Miss Hawes, Miss Rainforth, Miss Bassano, Signor Rubini, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Balfe—"Dove son"—Mozart.

SONG—Mr. Hobbs—"I'll love but only you"—Battishill.

ARIA—Signora Pacini—"Bel Mestier"—Balfe.

BALLAD—Mr. Balfe—"The blighted flower"—Balfe.

SONG—Miss Bassano—"Where the bee sucks"—Arne.

MARCH AND CHORUS—"All hail, our Queen"—Mozart.

Haydn was excellently given, though I should have preferred a little more spirit in the finale—but it gained great applause,

and truth to say, deserved it. Miss Rainforth was a little unsteady in her air, a very unusual thing with her, and probably arising from the additional responsibility she had taken upon herself (with alacrity and kindness) to substitute Madame in the concerted pieces—she, however, redeemed all by her chaste cadenza and unaffected courtesy. Pacini did not sing out in the trio, and consequently Rubini had all the shine to himself. Puzzi's horn solo pleased exceedingly, particularly his vocal rendering of "O teo Cara"—Balfé accompanied again, though Mr. Turlé was announced, and present—moreover, he made every body hear that he *did* accompany. Phillips is a capital Purcellist, and gave his song well. The quartet was encored according to precedent. Balfé's air is pretty, and was done justice to by Pacini—as also that in the second act—the composer conducted these, and gave a fillip to the band by his vivacious temperament. Rubini was again encored. Miss Hawes made the "deep sea," "deeper still," and obtained fathomless applause. T. Cooke's fine scena-like glee made a capital finale, and was well sung and received.

The professor's baton was a little at fault in the introduction of the overture, which consequently was all abroad—but the fiddles and basses righted the ship, and brought her up with a wet sail, as your funny-club friends would express it. Rubini extorted another encore. The setest was charmingly sung, and produced a thrill in every sensitive bosom. Battishill's song is a good piece of old fashioned love-making, such as Sir Charles Grandison would have delighted in, but Mr. Hobbs is not exactly a Sir Charles. Balfé sang and accompanied his ballad in a way to charm all satin-shoe gliders over drawing-room carpets. Arne's sprightly little old friend was captivately introduced, and greeted with a recal. The march and chorus were triumphant, loyal, and heartily delivered—the audience could do no other than respond with an universal demand for its repetition.

Eight hundred and eighty-six persons assembled this evening—the spectacle was brilliant, and the applause exulting.

THURSDAY MORNING, Sept. 15.—The doors were besieged this morning, long before the time of opening, and I owe the place obtained in the interior to the warning voice of my hostess, in the midst of my last cup of coffee, and to my practised capability of enduring an intolerable squeeze, made tolerable only by silk and muslin contact. Many left the doors in despair—many left their shoes and scarfs in the crowd—many got but sorry places on the stairs, on the sills of the arched windows, in the narrow passages, and other obscure nooks and corners of the building, and some four or five hundred were compelled to return home

in dudgeon—the old hall seemed one mass of life—a very glorious show of ladies, and a larger number of foreigners, and well-known connoisseurs, than I remember to have met at any provincial music gathering, were wedged together in congenial disorder, and the assembly presented the most animated and inspiring tableau imaginable. The entire orchestre came boldly and resolutely to its duty; and what is more, maintained its determination of purpose, maugre the buffooneries of the funny man of the place, whose caricature drawings, and unwitty jokes lost all their giggle-provoking effect on this portentous occasion.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION AND CHORUS—"Ye sons of Israel."
--Handel.

SONG--Accompanied by three violoncellos--Miss Maria B. Hawes, "On the dwellings."
--Schneider.

TRIO--Accompanied by the organ--Mr. Young, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Bradbury--"It is like the dew of Hermon."
--Battishill.

AIR--Miss Bassano--"O magnify the Lord."
--Handel.

FULL ANTHEM--"Sing unto God."
--Dr. Croft.

VERSE--Miss Bassano, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Bradbury.

PARTS II. & III.

THE FALL OF BABYLON.

(First time of Performance.)

FIRST ACT.

Overture.

CHORUS OF JEWS--"God of our Fathers."

SOLO--Miss Bassano--Israelitish woman--"Beloved Sion."
--CHORUS--"Arise in wrath."

RECIT--Daniel--"Oh how familiar."

SONG--"Remember Lord."

CHORUS--"The lion roused."

RECIT--Cyrus--"Judea's God hath spoken."

SONG--"Mighty God."

SOLO--Cyrus, and Chorus of Persian Soldiers--"Haughty Babylon."

SONG--Miss Rainforth--"Dear child of bondage."

RECIT--Mr. Young--"Joy, joy to thee."

DUET--Miss Rainforth and Mr. Young--"Judah still the chosen nation."

CHORUS OF PERSIAN SOLDIERS--"Raise aloft the Persian Banner."

RECIT--Cyrus--"Great queen of cities."
--CHORUS--"Raise aloft the Persian banner."

CHORUS OF JEWS--"Lord before thy footstool bending."

RECIT--Daniel--"The day approacheth."

TRIO--Miss Rainforth, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Bradbury--"Loud proclaim."

SONG--Madame Caradori Allan--"No longer shall Judea's children wander."

CHORUS OF JEWS--"Come down."

Second Act.

CHORUS--"Haste, haste to the banquet."

CHORUS OF PRIESTS OF BELL--"O mighty Bel."

CHORUS OF WOMEN--"Haste, haste gallant youths."

CHORUS OF JEWS--"Arise, O Lord."

RECIT--Belshazzar--"Slaves, do ye dare my vengeance."

DUET--Nicotris and Belshazzar--"Forbear my son."

CHORUS OF PRIESTS--"So long as Bel."

CHORUS OF BABYLONIAN WOMAN--"So long as Nebo."

RECIT--Belshazzar--"Fill me to the brim."

RECIT--Soothsayer--"O mighty Sovereign."

RECIT--Belshazzar--"Accursed deceivers."

RECIT--Nicotris--"Mighty Belshazzar."

RECIT--Belshazzar--"I scorn thy empty menace."

DISTANT MARCH OF THE PERSIAN ARMY.

SOLO--First Babylonian Soldier--"O King, Belshazzar, the foe is at thy gates."

SOLO--Second Soldier--"O gracious Sovereign."

CHORUS OF PERSIAN SOLDIERS--"Shout aloud."

SEMI-CHORUS--Messrs. Young, Barnby, Ashton, Walton, Grice, Perring, Novello, Kensch, Green, and Field--"Hark the Ghosts."

CHORUS OF JEWS AND PERSIANS--"Shout aloud."

RECIT--Cyrus--"Almighty God of Israel."

SONG--Cyrus--"O what is man."

Quartet--Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Bassano, Mr. Young, and Mr. Hobbs--"Strike the harp."

CHORUS OF JEWS--"Lord, thine arm."

SONG--Daniel--"Boundless visions."

RECIT--Israelitish Woman--"The ransomed of the Lord."

SONG--Israelitish Woman--"O Zion, how bright are thy hopes."

CHORUS--"Give thanks unto God."

The introduction and chorus from *Joshua* were capitally executed. The song had the peculiarity of a triple violoncello accompaniment, and did not lack originality; but a hundred morceaux of Mozart or Beethoven might have been found, and any one of them would have been preferable. The trio was well sung, as was the following air—but the crowning piece of this mental luncheon was an effort of choral power and perfection to obliterate all that came before it. I had no notion that Croft could have been made so glorious and sublime.

I tremble at the task of detailing Spohr's new triumph—such a work demands repeated hearings, and a deeper consideration than I am at present enabled to afford it—indeed I much question the capability of the most practised critic to give a safe judgment of so voluminous and varied a production, by the single proof of this morning's execution, amid the eagerness, anxiety, enthusiasm, and excitement, attending it. I shall therefore, only venture to forward you a few general impressions of the oratorio, as a whole, in which I shall but repeat the collective opinions of the most experienced professors and amateurs, in and out of the orchestre.

As an entire work, *The Fall of Babylon* is estimated below the standard of the composer's previous efforts, especially his last oratorio of *Calvary*, though all admit that there are points and pieces in the present work of surpassing effect and beauty—no one who has heard much of Spohr's music could possibly mistake the author; and those gifted with good memories might find the germ or the prototype of every movement in some earlier opera, oratorio, or instrumental piece from the same hand. The melodies are of the same rather unvocal material, with some two or three exceptions, in which the author seems to have excelled himself. The chorusses are picturesque and dramatic, and the instrumentation is masterly in every respect. As usual, the harmonies are restless and redundant, a

characteristic which at first charms the ear, but very soon palls it—hence, probably, the rapid decline of the general admiration which Spohr excited when first known in this country—but it is fair to acknowledge that some of the painting in the *Fall of Babylon* has been executed with a broader touch and bolder colouring than most of the musical pictures from the same palette. The very appropriate overture led to a soothing chorus of Jews, in which they took comfort for their oppressed condition, which was admirably sung, as was the “Lion roused” which is not unworthy of Gluck; the trio, a little Mozartish (which is to say, virtuous) was much admired. The final chorus of the first act wrought up the audience to enthusiasm.

The second act is entirely of a secular character, and justifies the idea that the work should be denominated a sacred opera, rather than an oratorio. Considerable diversity of opinion prevails respecting the manner in which the scene of the writing on the wall has been expressed. I am inclined to think, with the aid of painting and action, Spohr's description would prove entirely satisfactory—by music alone, it seems to me impossible that anything like a correct notion could be given. The approach of the Persian army is dramatically imagined, and was effectively translated to the senses of the audience. The quartet, “Strike the Harp” is extremely pretty—and the chorus “Lord thine arm” is contrasted so artistically, and was given so very effectively, as to produce the most astounding sensation throughout the hall—the succeeding air is another beautiful contrast, evincing the practised skill of the master, and the final chorus, with its learning, its elaborate combinations, its vigorous orchestral arrangements, and its mighty ensemble, wound up the whole most triumphantly, and sent the multitudinous assembly to their homes, in no frame of mind to be critical, and certainly not to be objective. I could not help regretting that the author of such a work should have been compulsorily kept away from this great triumph of his genius, by the despotism of princely pettiness. The work of the day has been bravely done.

The numbers crushed into the hall were two thousand two hundred and eighty-one.

THURSDAY EVENING.—I fear I shall weary your readers by these very prolix details—I shall, therefore, merely state that the hall to-night looked more bright and sparkling than ever, as though the genius of the morning had left its lustre there—the glitter of jewels and bright eyes might have deluded Aladdin into the belief that his lamp had a second chamber.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

SINFONIA IN D—Mozart.

SONG—Mr. Hobbs—“The meeting of the waters.”
GLEE—Miss Rainforth, Mr. Young, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Bradbury—“Blow, blow thou Winter's wind”—Stevens.

CANTATA—Signor Rubini—“Adelaide”—Beethoven.

TERZETTO—Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Maria B. Hawes, and Mr. Hobbs—“Mi lasci, O, Madre.”—Winter.

SONG—Mr. Phillips—“Twas post meridian”—Dibdin.

RECIT. et ARIA—Madame Caradori Allan—“Non mi dir.”—Mozart.

DUETTO—Signora Pacini e Signor Rubini—“M'abbraccia, Argirio.”—Rossini.

ARIA—Mr. Balfé—“Ho girato.”—Balfé.

BALLAD—Miss Rainforth—“Auld Robin Gray.”—Rev. H. Leves.

DUET—Mr. Walton and Mr. Phillips, and Chorus—“To arms.”—Purcell.

PART II.

OVERTURE—“The Ruler of the Spirits.”—C. M. Von Weber.

ARIA—Madame Caradori Allan—“In questo semplace.”—Donizetti.

SCENA—Signor Rubini—“Fra poco a me.”—Donizetti.

DUETTO—Signora Pacini and Miss Rainforth—“Deh, con te.”—Bellini.

OTTETTO—Messieurs G. Cooke, Keating, Williams, Lazarus, Godfrey, Tully, Puzzi, and Rae.—Mozart.

BALLAD—Miss Maria B. Hawes—“O chide me not, my mother.”—M. B. Hawes.

TERZETTO—Madame Caradori Allan, Signor Rubini, and Mr. Balfé—“Ah, qual colpo.”—Rossini.

RECIT. et AIR—Signora Pacini—“Mon Fernand, tous les biens.”—Donizetti.

CHORUS—“Galatea, dry thy tears.”—Handel.

Mozart went well, and was highly relished—despite the fatigue of the band and the satiety of many of the audience. Mr. Hobbs sang his ballad very chastely—and the glee was charmingly given. Rubini's “Adelaide” was really a gem, though somewhat too heavily accompanied, as might have been expected by Mr. Turle, who all his life has been accustomed to the organ, but who rather injudiciously resumed the seat he has so frequently vacated to Balfé, during these performances. The trio is a sweet morceau. Dibden's song received its accustomed meed—Madame Caradori got through her song extremely well, notwithstanding the great exertion of the morning; and that no loss should be complained of, gave us the “Last rose of summer,” which had been announced for last evening. The duet was well received—also Balfé's aria—the old Scotch ballad which was sung with some reminiscence of Miss Kemble's pathetic delivery—and Purcell's “To arms” proved a very exhilarating finale.

Weber's overture was hardly so steady or vigorous as the previous efforts of the band, which is easily to be accounted for. Caradori, Rubini, Pacini, and Rainforth acquitted themselves, in their old favourites, most satisfactorily. The octet was an entire failure—the omission of all the principal move-

ments, and commencement with the presto, turned this fine composition into a piece of absurdity, and merited a severer reprehension than the cold indifference with which it was received.

The three succeeding pieces were deservedly applauded, and the Handelian finales, like all the other choral efforts, was most perfect and pleasurable.

The attendance this evening was eleven hundred and eighty-three.

FRIDAY MORNING, Sept. 16.—The interest of the festival appears to be very little in the wane, notwithstanding the great excitement of yesterday, and the reaction that might have been expected; but the lovers of Handel, and the critical who were curious to know how he had been handled by his Norwich editor and resuscitator, formed a goodly cluster round the doors, and filled the hall in comfortable plenitude. I have looked through the libretto of the ancient *Samson*, and that of Mr. Professor Taylor, and I have compared them with the magnificent drama of *Milton*; and I cheerfully express my humble opinion, that as a drama or poem, the new, very intrinsically surpasses the old, and is by far more adapted to the production of musical effects—but let us attend to the music—

PROGRAMME.

SAMSON—HANDEL.

FIRST ACT.

Overture.

RECIT.—Philistine—“Dagon this day.”
CHORUS—“Awake the trumpet's sound.”
SONG—Philistine Woman—“Ye men of Gaza.”
CHORUS—“Awake the trumpets.”
RECIT.—Samson—“A little on.”
SONG—“Total eclipse.”
RECIT.—Micah—“Oh change beyond report.”
SONG—“In God your father trust.”
CHORUS—“Oh first created beam.”
RECIT.—Micah, Samson, and Manoah—“Thy reverend sire.”
SONG—Manoah—“Lord let thy mercy.”
RECIT.—Samson—“His pardon I implore.”
SONG—“These sightless orbs.”
RECIT.—“Thou who to Abraham.”
HYMN—“Jehovah reigns.”—(Accompanied by the organ and trombones.)
QUARTETT—Madame Caradori Allan, Mr. Young, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Phillips—“Lord thy all-commanding might.”
RECIT.—Micah—“O Lord, from heaven.”
CHORUS—“God will not long defer.”
SONG—Israelitish Woman—“Shepherd of Israel.”
RECIT.—Samson—“Israel on thee.”
SONG—“Why does the God of Israel sleep?”
QUINTETT—Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Bassano, Mr. Young, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Phillips—“Israel, trust in the Lord.”
DOUBLE CHORUS—“Immortal Lord!”

SECOND ACT.

Introduction.

CHORUS—“Before the sapphire-coloured throne.”
SONG—Micah—“Return, O God of Hosts.”
CHORUS—“To dust his glory.”
CHORUS—“See the proud chief.”
RECIT.—Harapha and Samson—“I come not Samson.”
SONG—“Honour and arms.”

RECIT.--Samson and Harapha--"Camest thou for this, vain boaster."

DUET--Samson and Harapha--"Go baffled coward."

RECIT.--Micah--"Here lie the proof."

CHORUS--"Hear Jacob's God."

RECIT.--Harapha--"Swift to the temple."

MARCH OF THE PRIESTS OF DAGON.

SEMI-CHORUS--Miss Rainforth, Miss Bassano, Messrs. Young, Barnby, Walton, Perring, Balfe, and Bradbury--"Hear us, oh Dagon!"

RECIT.--Philistian Woman--"Now weave the dance."

SONG--"Spirits of mirth."

DUET--Miss Rainforth and Miss Bassano--"Ye gallant youths."

CHORUS--"Proclaim aloud."

RECIT.--Philistine--"But who approaches?"

CHORUS--"See Hebrew slaves."

RECIT.--Samson--"All these indignities."

SOLO--"Oh Lord remember me."

SONG--Harapha--"Vainglorious Hebrew boaster."

CHORUS--"Throned on his everlasting seat."

RECIT.--Mahoah--"My son for thy redemption."

SONG--"How willing my paternal love."

RECIT.--Micah--"Your hopes of his delivery."--

Mahoah--"I know your friendly minds, and--"

SYMPHONY.

RECIT.--Mahoah--"Heavens! what noise."

CHORUS OF PHILISTINES--"Hear us, oh Lord."

THIRD ACT.

Introduction.

SONG--Mahoah--"Death who sets all free."

RECIT.--Micah--"Oh dearly bought revenge."

SOLO--"Ye sons of Israel."

CHORUS OF ISRAELITES--"Weep Israel, weep."

DEAD MARCH.

RECIT.--Micah and Mahoah--"The body comes."

SOLO AND CHORUS--"Glorious Hero." Israelitish Woman--"The virgins too."

CHORUS OF VIRGINS--"Bring the laurels."

SOLO--(Unaccompanied)--Israelitish Woman--

"Mourn, Israel, mourn."

CHORUS--"Bring the laurels."

RECIT.--Mahoah--"Come, come no time for lamentation now."

SONG--Israelitish Woman and CHORUS--"Let the bright Seraphim."

* * The very unusual length of our correspondent's article, which we presume to think will not be found to exceed the interest and importance of what is intended to be described, induces us to omit his account of the Friday's performance, and substitute a letter we have received from our valued last week's contributor, which details the particulars of the *Sampson*, in a manner that cannot fail to please and satisfy our readers--

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Dear Sir, I have just got home, and thankful to get loose from the toil and bustle of the musical festival. I see you have given place to my hasty remarks upon Spohr's *Babylon*, for want of a better paper, and promise your readers something more from my desultory pen; but, Mr. Editor, out of a musical atmosphere I fall dead upon my secluded habits, and fear my recollection will not serve me with any thing worth the attention of your learned readers. Since I wrote to you I have seen a pianoforte copy of this celebrated work, and the points I have glanced at I think will be found tolerably correct. My esteemed friend, Page Scott, Esq., with whom I sojourned during the festival, with his usual urbanity, has sent me all the Norwich papers, in which I find but little criticism, but plenty of general

praise. The gentlemen reporters, probably dashing young men, have an eye more to the singers, especially the ladies, than the effects of the band, and reserve their nicest words for these Syrens of song. The principals I consider duly adequate to a just execution of their parts, and I simply applaud their taste and expression, or take the liberty to point out their defects, but really sir, I have been so much delighted with the Norwich Festival, and its success, that all my ill-natured remarks are completely stifled in this pleasant feeling, so that I shall but ill discharge the critical office you call upon me to perform. With respect to the concerts, I have little to say, as in London you hear this kind of music better than it is possible you can hear it in the country. As an exception I may mention the scena "Tu è ver" from *La Clemenza di Tito*, the effect, of which, was incomparably fine. The principal singers were in front, and on each side were piled up more than two hundred voices, who applauded in torrents of sound the action which was supposed to be passing below. This gave us a good idea of the grandeur of the ancient Greek play, where multitudes were assembled in their vast amphitheatres which took part in the scene. What a wretched representation have we in our opera house, where these grand effects are attempted by one or two dozen of ineffective voices. The first morning's performance opened with Handel's Coronation Anthem, "My heart is inditing," a most animating composition, the best of the four he has written. In this piece the power of the band was strikingly shown, especially the twelve violoncellos, and twelve double basses. These carried the first movement with unexampled precision and boldness. Most orchestras in the country are defective in the very foundation upon which all the voices and instruments stand; for the four stringed instruments are the wheels upon which the orchestra moves. Purcell's Anthem, "O give thanks," had only an organ accompaniment, which was powerfully maintained by Mr. Turle. Rubini's song from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," excited a lively attention by the originality of the music, not so much in the voice part, as by the singular effects thrown in by the band; tolerably unlike every thing but the production of this great genius. I was sorry we had but two movements of it, for a few days before I had heard it delightfully sung by a party of dillitanti ladies, residing in Norwich and the neighbourhood, which gave me an exalted idea of this singular work. For the first time I heard Miss Hawes in the last song and chorus of the "Dettingen Te Deum." She has unquestionably a fine voice, and energetic manner, but I thought her out of place in being appointed to this song. The strain demands the lofty tone of an alto--a man's voice, which by its shrillness can pierce through the rattle of trumpets and drums with which this military *Te Deum* opens.*

I now come to speak of Professor Taylor's new version of the oratorio of *Samson*, which perplexed me not a little when I endeavoured to follow the compiler in the alterations he has made.

Handel is the most voluminous of all our English writers. I think as many as fifty folio volumes have been published, and it is said, nearly as many more may be found in M.S. in the Queen's library. It is true that he has written many fine things after a haunch of venison and a bottle of claret, but in his minor or sulky mood he has teemed out loads of rubbish. Mr. Taylor, no doubt, is of this opinion, for upon comparing his Libretto with the original score, little likeness is retained. Our professor is a stout reformer. He has gone to work boldly, and "sans ceremonie," kicked out seventeen songs, six chorusses, and a dozen or more of recitatives at one

* Composed on the victory of Dettingen, it opens with a solo which was performed on the drums taken in battle.

blow. There is nothing like clearing the way; a good radical brush does wonders. The sticklers for Handel, no doubt, will cry out at this. Nothing so good as the old Anglo-German say they; let us have none of your modern trash. So far, the Professor cannot be charged with offending the old musicians, and I can bear testimony, that what he has introduced, is better than what he has taken away.

Miss Rainforth pleased me in "Ye men of Gaza," by her very correct singing and pure intonation. The chorus, "O first created beam," was truly magnificent. It scarcely can be doubted that Haydn was furnished with the idea which he has introduced into the *Creation*, from the passage--

Let there be light,
And light was over all;
One heavenly blaze
Shone round this earthly ball.

This blaze of light is succeeded by the following lamentation--

To thy dark servant
Life by light afford.

I had hoped the professor's good taste would have led him to have chastened this movement into a "pianissimo," rather than permitted it to be uttered with the stentorian lungs of the previous loud movement. The hymn, "Jehovah reigns," accompanied by the organ and trombones, was the first new piece introduced; it had a solemn and grand effect, and gave an earnest of the value of the novelties that were to follow. It was called for again by the bishop, when the whole audience rose at the repetition. "Why does the God of Israel sleep?" one of Handel's most animating songs, was executed by the violins and basses with consummate precision and force. A new performer, Signor Cassolini, on the double bass, exhibited a talent only to be exceeded by Dragonetti. For the first time I listened to Mr. Balfe, and was much gratified by his science and animation. He is the only singer, except Pellegri, that at all approaches the style of Bartleman, who might be denominated a musical orator. In the recitative, "I come not Sampson," he called to my recollection the delight I had in the musical speaking of that never to be forgotten musician. The song "Honour and Arms," was nobly done, and the introduction of the wind instruments in this song would have delighted Handel, could he have heard this specimen of modern instrumentation.

Miss Rainforth's song, "Spirits of Mirth," is from one of Handel's operas, and it had a charming effect. Where the next duetto, "Ye Gallant Youths advance," was obtained, I could not guess, but it was nearly note for note like the *Giovannetti* of Mozart. The march from *Julius Caesar*, supported Professor Taylor's great judgment and taste in its application in this piece. As the oratorio advanced, the movements became more lively, and partook more of the modern school. The recitative "If humbly penitent" reminded me of the double basses in the rising of the moon, in the *Creation*. The following brilliant song "O Lord remember me this once," was accompanied on the violoncello, by the Lindley, with that clear stroke of the bow, which every one can feel, and which none as yet have imitated. "Vainglorious Hebrew" is a bass song of considerable grandeur, and what will be deemed an excellence--quite new. I have but one serious charge to bring against the learned professor, i.e. his too great attention to words at the expense of the music. He has, in my opinion, committed an unpardonable mistake in changing the first word of the celebrated chorus "Fixed in his everlasting seat," for the word "Throned on his everlasting seat," which throttles the accent, and destroys the musical effect. It is a rule with me, that words must not impair the music--music can tell its own tale, and wants but little help. The passage is in "Staccato," and the effect cannot be produced upon "Throned," &c.

A similar absurdity took place in the Creation, where a fine open note in the song of birds was locked up in the lady's mouth, by the nasal word *wings*. As Madame de Stael says, "let me have it without words, and I am better pleased." I was delighted to hear Madame Caradori execute "Let the bright Seraphim," with so clear a voice, and an enunciation so sweet; neater than what is commonly done by a native. Professor Taylor had my thanks for interposing his authority and preventing the usual repetition of this song. The minor part after this brilliant display charmingly introduced the blaze of sound "Let their celestial concerts all unite," with which this now splendid oratorio finishes. A formidable undertaking indeed, Mr. Professor, in which I see you have rejected more than sixty pieces, and substituted half as many new ones. These are so well interwoven, and match with the general character so well, that the work may be considered nearly in the light of a new performance. There is one song I regret has been rejected "Thus when the sun rose from his watery bed," which would have added to the effect, so ably accomplished by the learned compiler.

Sept. 19, 1842.

Yours, &c., &c.

FRIDAY NIGHT.—A very gay and numerous party are dancing away the excitement and the best moments of midnight in the hall, whose every arch is still redolent of the glories of this very successful and most satisfactory music-meeting. Praise to individuals would be invidious—the best praise will be received by all parties concerned from the announced fact, that the profits of the present festival exceed those of any of its precursors by nearly a thousand pounds. The numbers in the hall this morning were eleven hundred and sixty-seven.

E. L.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Metropolitan.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Mozart's exquisite "Figaro" was performed on Saturday night, in a style of excellence to make one proud of the country that now can render such ample justice to the high-born imaginings of the mighty master. Mr. Giubelei enacted the Count, and Miss Poole the Page, each for the first time, and both with very considerable talent and success; the only drawback from the entire excellency of the former arose from his apparently going too seriously to work with his intrigues; we know not how such matters are accomplished by your Lotharios of Seville, but we can vouch for it, that the gallants of the rest of Europe pursue a more elastic and exuberant course of libertinism than Mr. Giubelei seemed to have taken for his model; however, repetition will probably make the part easier, and musically, it is already very near perfection—of Miss Poole we will only say, that we prefer her Cherubino to that of Madame Vestris, which is sufficiently high praise—and we do so, for that it is more the "wicked little harmless urchin," than "the deep dog of puddings," as the phrase is, which that

talented actress's version presented—the Cherubino of Saturday was such an one as a lady might love without reproach, and her jealous lord be laughed at for suspecting. Miss Kemble's Suzanna is one of the most complete specimens of identity and impersonation that we remember to have witnessed—her stepping down from the high stilts of tragedy into the native sprightliness of inferior life is quite Protean; while her unceasing attention to the business of the scene and the professional intricacy of the part evince a mind and application fully worthy of her gifted family—her execution of the music is beyond praise, for it is Mozart's own, darguerrotyped on silver. Miss Rainforth is an admirable Countess in every sense of the word—we thought her a little languid, which was not to be wondered at, considering that she had travelled from Norwich since the preceding evening, but it gave an additional truthfulness to the sweet melancholy of the character. What shall we say of Mr. Leffler in the arch and political Figaro? of that Mr. Leffler, who is usually so staid and sententious, but who now appears as though reborn in a citron grove, nursed in the sunshine, and fed upon Xeres wine, till his fermented soul seems to effervesce through his habits, (moral and personal,) and affords us the most perfect verisimilitude of a merry plotting coxcomb imaginable. Mr. Leffler has won himself golden opinions by this admirable performance—his Figaro is not the farcical buffo of the Italian stage—it is the Figaro of Beaumarchais, and a genuine piece of comedy. Mr. J. Bland's Doctor Bartolo is very creditable to his good taste, being comic without buffoonery—such indeed is the character of the entire performance—a performance which, to our thinking, casts into the shade every previous execution of this delightful opera, either by Italians or Germans, that we have had the fortune to be present at, and our experience is by no means limited either in time or place. The rendering of the music is in the very best possible taste—no one presuming, as is the Italian wont, to burnish Mozart, but all bringing their best ability as a cheerful oblation to his merits—the acting is of a vital quality which the Germans have yet to learn—and the getting up is in a style to be imitated, but scarcely surpassed. We hazard an opinion that the divine composer himself would be fully satisfied with such a performance, which far surpasses what he could possibly have witnessed—and we earnestly recommend all true music-lovers to attend frequently, and urge their uninitiated acquaintance to the enjoyment of a treat which we take to be unique of its kind, and as near perfection as mere human endeavours are likely to accomplish—we, ourselves, would cheerfully travel from John o'Groats and back again, by the old slow

coach, to have such another three hours' compensation.

We re-dip our pen to mention with unmingled approbation the excellent rendering of Figaro's first song, "Count Almaviva if you are for dancing"—the delicious canonet, "Ye who Love's features know"—(we disdain, henceforth, to give them their Italian names, feeling that the whole opera is now naturalized and entitled to become familiar among us,) the Countess's air in the second act, "Fled for ever"—"To music, made by gentle Zephyr's sighing"—(the letter duet) and Suzanna's arietta in the previous to last finale, "O come! no more delay"—the latter of which was one of the most pure, articulate, and unaffected specimens of vocalization, we have listened to for a very long period of time.

MR. J. BENNETT'S LECTURE.

This gentleman's announcement attracted a considerable company to the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution on Monday evening, including many musical professors of eminence. Mr. Bennett has entitled himself to high praise and imitation by devoting the results of his large experience and professional knowledge to the formation of a system which may meet the present general desire for musical instruction, instead of carping at the success of others, and seeking to pick out errors without the slightest attempt to remedy or remove them. Mr. Bennett's modesty waives all claim to discovery or invention, and merely takes to himself the credit of comparison and the restoration of the sounder theories of our forefathers. The difference between his system and that of Wilhem, consists in the abridgment of the number of syllables employed to distinguish the notes of the scale, and the transfer of the first of the range to the key-note wherever it may be on the stave, and in whatever clef it may be written, thereby removing the entire scale, at will, and fixing the position of the major and minor semitones without the otherwise necessary considerations of the signature of the key—this is an obvious facility, which we are surprised should have escaped the arranger of the Wilhem system, who has so successfully reduced the steep hill of vocal instruction, and cleared away so many stumbling-blocks from the student's path. We do not perceive the advantage to be derived from the diminution of the syllabic sounds to *Fa, Sol, La, Mi*—alone, which change seems to us likely to puzzle the learner, by the requisite repetition in the octave, and we therefore prefer the modern Italian nomenclature, *Do, Re, Mi, Fa, &c.* but as the proverb says, "Handsome is that handsome does"—and we care not for the means, so the end be accomplished. We sincerely wish Mr. Bennett the most profitable success in his very praiseworthy enterprise.

Miscellaneous.

DRURY-LANE PRIZE.—The prize of ten pounds offered by the management of this theatre, for a song and a chorus in "As you like it," has been awarded by Mr. T. Cooke and Mr. J. L. Hatton, to the compositions of Mr. Henry Smart, which are said to be incomparably superior to those of any of the other candidates.

MR. C. CLARKE.—A correspondent advertising to this gentleman's secession from the function of conductor of the Worcester meeting, to which, as organist of the cathedral and master of one of "the three choirs," he is officially eligible, informs us that "the present absurd and injurious proceedings owe their origin to Mr. C.," who is stated to have "introduced the Exeter Hall time beater to the bishop and the stewards, as a 'fully capable musician'—our correspondent quotes Doctor Johnson for the definition of the last word—"Musician—one skilled in harmony, one who performs upon instruments of music!"—and requests us to question Mr. Clarke as to the conscientious truth of his said recommendation; at the same time, broadly insinuating that Mr. C. had some *weighty considerations* for the diploma afforded to his protégé; and inferring that "the whole matter is the result of a job to enrich one or two persons at the expense of the hitherto remunerated band and chorus, to put an end to the Worcester Festival and to injure the art." Mr. Clark, if he pleases, may answer these aspersions, which we publish to afford him the opportunity for publicly refuting; and thereby clearing away the derogatory rumours that are daily increasing to his prejudice.

MR. J. B. CRAMER.—This accomplished veteran has arrived in London on a visit to his friends, and appears to be in the enjoyment of excellent health.

BETHOVEN'S MOUNT OF OLIVES.—The new libretto, adapted to this excellent work, is by the Rev. Dr. Hudson, of Dublin, and is taken from the first book of Samuel, chap. xxiii. verses 9, 13, 15, 29; chap. xxiv. verses 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10; it is to be performed at Worcester on Friday, under the title of "Engedi, or David in the Wilderness."

MISS HAWES.—This favourite vocalist has thrown up her engagement at Worcester, in consequence of the ungallant and ungenerous conduct of the officials, in having given several of her most popular songs to other performers. We rejoice at Miss Hawes' independence and spirit.

Notice to Correspondents.

Mr. Windsor—Senior Burdini—Miss Binfield—their subscriptions are acknowledged with thanks. Numerous articles and communications are necessarily postponed from press of temporary matter.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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BERKSHIRE MUSICAL FESTIVAL. READING.

MR. BINFIELD has the honour of announcing that the Twelfth Triennial Musical Festival will take place on THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6th, 1842,

AT THE TOWN-HALL.

In the Morning there will be a grand performance of Sacred Music, consisting of ROSSINI'S celebrated STABAT MATER, GRAND ANTHEM by MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, and selections from THE MESSIAH, Mr. Binfield's MARTYR OF ANTIOCH, &c. To commence at Twelve o'clock precisely. And in the evening a Grand Miscellaneous Concert, to commence at Eight o'clock.

Principal performers.—Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. John Parry, Signor Giulio Regondi, Messrs. Cramer, Venus, Lindley, Harper, Lazarus, Baumann, Abbott, N. Binfield, W. Binfield, Goodwin, Reeve, Reinsagle, Harper, jun., W. Cramer, Dando, Sharp. Organ, Mr. Binfield. Conductor, Mr. Harris. The Chorusses will be supported by the London Professional Choral Society, &c.

A Subscriber of Ten Guineas will be entitled to Twenty-five Tickets. A Subscriber of Five Guineas will be entitled to Twelve Tickets. Single Tickets, 10s. 6d. each.

N.B. A Fine Organ, by Gray, will be erected for the occasion—and will be for sale after the Festival.

MR. WILLY

Begs to announce to his Friends, Pupils, and MUSICAL AMATEURS generally, that he will commence, in October next, a Series of MORNING AND EVENING PRACTICAL MEETINGS, at Mr. Hill's Music Warehouse, No. 28, Regent Street, two doors from Piccadilly.

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THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, Thursday September 22nd,

1842, will be presented (last time but one) Bellini's Opera of Norma. The Overture composed by C. Raper, Esq., Musical Director and Conductor, Mr. Benedict.

NORMA. Miss A. Kemble; (her last appearance, but one, in that character,) Pollio, Mr. W. Harrison; Flavius, Mr. Binge; Oroveso, Mr. Ghiblet; Adalgisa, Miss Rainforth; Clotilda, Miss Lane; Children, Miss A. Payne and Miss Turner. Gaulish Chiefs, Druids, Bards, Druidesses, &c. &c.

Previous to the Comedy, the Band will perform Auber's Overture to "Les Diamans de la Couronne."

After which (Ninth Time) a New Comedy in two acts, (by Douglas Jerrold,) entitled GERTRUDE'S CHERRIES; or, Waterloo in 1835. The Scenery by Mr. Grieve, Mr. T. Grieve, and Mr. W. Grieve. Willoughby, Mr. Bartley; Vincent, Mr. Walter Lacy; Guibert, Mr. Diddar; Jack Halcyon, Mr. Harley; Crossbone, Mr. Meadows; Alcibiades Blague, Mr. A. Wigan; Carafon, Mr. Kerridge; Tripot, Mr. Heath; Amboise, Mr. Collett; Francois, Mr. Hughes; Angelica, Miss Cooper; Mrs. Crossbone, Mrs. Humby; Gertrude, Mrs. Walter Lacy.

The New Play, (by the Author of the Provost of Bruges,) entitled LOVE'S SACRIFICE, will be repeated every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

The New Comedy (by Douglas Jerrold,) entitled GERTRUDE'S CHERRIES, will be acted every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

To-morrow, (Sixth Time), the New Play (in Five Acts) of LOVE'S SACRIFICE. Matthew Aylmer, Mr. Vandenhoff; Paul Lafont, Mr. Cooper; Eugene de Lorme, Mr. Charles Pitt; St. Lo, Mr. Walter Lacy; Morluc, Mr. A. Wigan; Du Viray, Mr. W. H. Payne; Friar Dominic, Mr. Diddar; Jean Ruse, Mr. Meadows; Margaret Aylmer, Miss Vandenhoff; Hermine de Vermont, Mrs. Walter Lacy; Manou, Mr. Orger; Jenny, Mrs. Humby. With (first time this season) the Grand Romantic Fairy Extravaganza, (in Two Acts) entitled THE WHITE CAT. Wunsupontayme, (King of Neverminditania) Mr. J. Bland; Prince Paragon, (first time) Miss Poole; Prince Precious, Miss Cooper; Prince Placid, Miss Lee; Count Colinde, Mr. G. Horncastle; Jingo, Mr. Harley; The White Cat, afterwards Princess Catarina, Miss Marshall.

On Saturday, will be repeated (for the Last Time) Mozart's Opera of THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO. Susanna, by Miss Adelaide Kemble; her last appearance in that Character. With (Tenth Time) the New Comedy of GERTRUDE'S CHERRIES.

On Monday, (7th Time), LOVE'S SACRIFICE, with a Musical Entertainment.

On Tuesday, (for the Last Time) Bellini's Opera of LA SONNAMBULA. Amina, by Miss Adelaide Kemble, her last appearance in that Character.

Miss Adelaide Kemble will perform every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, until Christmas, when she will finally retire from the stage.

An English Version of Rossini's Grand Opera of SEMIRAMIDE will be speedily produced, in which Mrs. Alfred Shaw, (from the principal Theatres in Italy) will make her first appearance on the English stage in the character of Arsace; Semiramide, by Miss Adelaide Kemble.

Shakespeare's play of THE TEMPEST is in preparation.

Dress Boxes, 7s.—Second Price, 3s. 6d. First and Second Circles, 5s.—Second Price, 2s. 6d. Pit 3s.—Second Price, 2s. Gallery, 1s.

CHANGE OF RESIDENCE.

MR. C. A. MACFARREN,

Professor of Harmony and Composition in the Royal Academy of Music, begs to inform his Pupils and Friends, that he has removed to

No. 6, Alfred Place,
Bedford Square.

Sept. 5, 1842.

DANCING.

DANCING TAUGHT, in the first style of fashion, by Mr. WILLIS, 41, Brewer-street, Golden-square. Private lessons at all hours to ladies and gentlemen of any age wishing privacy and expedition. An evening academy on Mondays and Fridays. A juvenile academy on Wednesdays and Saturdays. A card of terms may be had on application as above.

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Monsr. de Glimes from the Conservatoire, Brussels, will attend at No. 106, New Bond Street, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock, to give the public an opportunity of hearing Mr. Pape's instruments, when the visits of amateurs will be esteemed an honour.

SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS.

Season 1842.

The Committee for conducting these Concerts respectfully announce to the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public, that the first concert will take place at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE, on Wednesday evening, October 26, 1842, when will be performed a choice selection from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Purcell, Dr. Arne, Spohr, Webbe, Storace, Rossini, and Calcott.

Principal Vocal Performers.

Miss Birch,
Miss Rainforth, Miss Bassano,
and
Mrs. Alfred Shaw,
(From the principal theatres in Italy.)
Mr. James Bennett,
Mr. Manvers,
(Recently returned from America),
Mr. W. H. Weiss,
and Mr. Henry Phillips.

Instrumental Solo Performers.

Grand Pianoforte, Madame Dulcken, who will perform a fantasia with full orchestral accompaniment; and Violin, Mr. J. T. Willy, who will execute a solo with full orchestral accompaniments.

In the course of the evening, the National Anthem will be sung by the following distinguished artists, assisted by the chorus, Miss Birch, Miss Rainforth, Miss Betts, Miss Bassano, Miss Cubitt, Miss Steele, Miss Marshall, and Miss Solomons; Messrs. James Bennett, Manvers, Horncastle, Young, Harrison, J. Reeves, Stretton, Giubelei, W. H. Weiss, Seguin, and Henry Phillips.

The Band will be complete in every department, selected from the orchestres of the Philharmonic, Her Majesty's Theatre, Ancient Concerts, &c. &c., and will consist of 30 violins, 8 violoncellos, 8 double basses, 2 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons, 4 horns, 2 trumpets, 3 trombones, ophicleide, serpent, drums, &c. &c. who will perform Beethoven's celebrated "Pastoral Symphony," and Rossini's overture "William Tell." The Chorus (as a guarantee for its efficiency,) will be supported exclusively by the whole of the Members of the LONDON PROFESSIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

The choral and instrumental Band together, will amount to

One Hundred and Fifty Performers.

Leaders of the Band, Messrs. Cramer and Willy. Organ, Mr. Brownsmith. Copyist and Librarian, Mr. Hedgley. Conductor, Mr. G. F. Harris, Director of the Professional Choral Society.

Non-Subscribers' Ticket, 4s. to admit two, 7s. can be had of all the music-sellers in the metropolis, and of Mr. J. B. Upcott, 10, Augustus Square, Regent's Park.

The Concert will commence precisely at eight o'clock, and terminate at eleven.

CORNOPEANS, VALVE BUGLES, TROMBONES,
BASS HORNS, OPHICLEIDES, &c.

TREGGAR AND LEWIS, 96, Cheapside, beg to call the attention of Country Brass Band Masters, and others, to their new list of prices, for the above useful and perfect instruments, being more than 25 per cent. cheaper than those of any other house.

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Do. do. with case	3	3	0
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Do. do. do. English Pistons	4	14	6
Do. do. do. German Silver mounted	5	5	0
Do. with crooks and case	5	5	0
Do. do. English do. do.	6	6	0
Do. do. do. Copper or Brass	7	7	0
Do. mounted	7	7	0
Do. Tenor with crooks	4	4	0
Valve Bugles	4	4	0
Trombone	1	15	0
Tenor	1	17	6
Do. B	2	2	0
Do. C	2	2	0
Bass	2	12	6
Do. improved G	3	3	0
Bass Horns, 9 Keys	6	6	0
Ophicleide 9 Keys	4	16	0
Do. 11 Keys	7	7	0
Drums, Bass, plain	5	5	0
Do. do. trophies	5	5	0
Do. do. painted with Arms, &c.	6	6	0
Clarionets, 6 Keys, Ivory Tip B. C. or E 6	1	5	0
Do. 8 do. do. do.	1	10	0
Do. 10 do. do. do.	1	15	0
Do. 12 do. do. do.	2	2	0
Do. 13 do. do. do.	2	10	0
Flutes, Super. Cocoon, with 8 Keys, German Silver	2	2	0
Do. do. do. extra mounted, Tips, &c.	2	12	6
Do. do. do. Ebony do.	3	3	0
Do. do. do. do. Silver Rings,	5	5	0
Do. do. do. Keys	5	5	0
Do. do. do. do. Silver Bands, &c.	6	6	0
Do. do. do. do. extra chased Bands	7	7	0
Do. do. do. do. the best that can be made	8	8	0

N.B.—Second-hand Instruments always on Sale.

NORTHUMBERLAND, DURHAM,
AND
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE
GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

September 27, 28, 29, and 30, 1842.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF SEVERAL OF THE CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS IN THE ABOVE-NAMED COUNTIES.

Principal Vocal Performers.—Madame Caradori Allan, Miss M. B. Hawes, Miss Pyne, Miss L. Pyne, and Miss Birch, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Machin, Mr. Ashton, and Mr. H. Phillips.

Principal Instrumental Performers.—Leader of the Band for the Morning performances, Mr. F. Cramer. Principal Second Violin, Mr. Loder. Leader of the Band for the Evening Performances, Mr. Loder. Principal Second Violin, Mr. Wagstaff. Assistant Conductor and Organist, Mr. T. Jones. Solo Performers.—Violin, Messrs. Loder and Hayward; Viola, Mr. J. Loder; Violoncello, Mr. Lindley; Contra Basso, Mr. Howell; Flute, Mr. Carte; Oboe, Mr. G. Cooke; Clarinet, Mr. Lazarus; Bassoon, Mr. Baumann; Horn, Mr. Jarrett; Trumpet, Mr. Harper.

The Band and Chorus will be numerous and complete in every department, and the names of all the performers will be inserted in the printed books of the performances. The Chorus under the superintendence of Mr. John J. Harrison, will consist of the members of the Newcastle and Gateshead Choral Societies, and selected from the Choral Societies of London, Shields, Sunderland, the Chorus of Durham, Carlisle, Lincoln, &c. The whole under the direction of

SIR GEORGE SMART,

who will conduct at the Pianoforte.

The performances will take place in the Mornings at St. Nicholas Church, to commence at Eleven o'clock precisely; in the Evenings, at the Theatre Royal, at Seven o'clock precisely.

On TUESDAY Morning, September 27th, A Grand Performance of Sacred Music.—Evening, the First Grand Concert.

On WEDNESDAY Morning, September 28th, A Grand Performance of Sacred Music.—Evening, the Second Grand Concert.

On THURSDAY Morning, September 29th, Handel's Sacred Oratorio, The Messiah, with additional Accompaniments by Mozart.—Evening, the Third Grand Concert.

On FRIDAY Evening, September 30th, A Grand Fancy Dress Ball, at the Assembly Rooms.

The General Rehearsal will take place in St. Nicholas Church, on Monday Morning, September 26th., at Ten o'clock precisely, when the presence of every performer is expected.

Regulations.—The doors of the church will be opened each Morning at Ten o'clock, and the performances will commence precisely at Eleven. The admission to the Patron's Gallery will be by the Great West Entrance, Head of the Side; Tickets 15s. each. The admission to the body of the church, will be through the North Door, St. Nicholas Square, and the South door, Head of the Side; Single Tickets, 10s. or Tickets for the Three Morning Performances, £1. 5s. The admission to the Transports, entrance the same as to the body of the church—Tickets, 5s. each.

The doors of the Theatre will be opened at Six o'clock in the evening, and the concerts commence precisely at Seven. Single Tickets for the Lower Boxes and Pit, 10s.; or Tickets, for the Three Concerts, £1. 5s. Single Ticket for the Upper Boxes, 8s.; or Tickets for the Three Concerts, £1. 1s. Single Ticket, for the Gallery, 4s.; or Tickets for the Three Concerts, 10s. (All transferable.)

Tickets and Places for the Morning performances and concerts, which will be limited to the number that the church can conveniently accommodate, to be had on and from Saturday the 17th of September; the office for the delivery of Tickets and taking places will be communicated as soon as the arrangements for that purpose are completed.

Books of the several performances, price Sixpence each, can be had at the shops of the Booksellers in Newcastle.

R. W. L. JONES, } Hon. Secs.
THOS. SMALL, }

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London:—E. B. TAYLOR, at the "Musical World" Office, 3, Coventry Street, Haymarket. Sold also by G. VICKERS, 28, Holywell Street, Strand; HAMILTON and MULLER, 116, George Street, Edinburgh; J. MITCHELLSON, Buchanan Street, Glasgow; and all Music and Booksellers. Printed and published by WILLIAM EDWARD TARBUCK, of No. 34, Skinner Street, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, at the Office of JOHN BLACKBURN, No. 6, Hatton Garden, in the Parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, both in the County of Middlesex. Thursday, September 22, 1842.